THE HOGARTH PRESS

52 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1

Telephone : Museum 3488.

Saturday morning

Dear Eddy

I am awfully sorry, having just said I would go on Tuesday. Now I am overcome by the feeling that I can't — the truth is I am all over the place trying to do a difficult thing in my novel, also I was chattering horrible nonsense all last night, & feel positive I should wreck your evening. This is not a hint; I would much rather you came & saw me say tea, on Wednesday; & got somebody else to go to the Concert.

Please forgive me; but you will understand the horror & that comes over one of ones self & being engaged & making a mess of things.

Yours ever
Virginia Woolf

Can't remember your telephone number.

with a letter from Rose Macaulay. As I was saying, the thing about fiction is — it blows away, that profound thought, which settled the whole hash to. What a nuisance! Please excuse this divagations of thine

Dear Eddy,

I have several times taken up the pen to write to you, but the weather has always made it impossible. It's too fine (it raining now) to do anything except sit on the downs; also, I'm de-humanised. I've sunk to the bottom of the world, & I only see the soles of people's feet passing above. Does the country affect you like this? I can't rise to the top at all. It's very lapping down here, I assure you. Also, I think uncannily — so it seems. I ponder every word of

V
Vw

your letter – about the Partridges, about
Bloomsbury, about fiction. The only
thing is my thoughts blow away –
(No: Colefax did not come. She passed
my door, but I averted her. A very
tactful letter – that did the trick.)
Nobody has been here, except Vita for 10
minutes. I saw the tutors knees –
quite enough. She was thoroughly chaffier &
merrier than ever – broke the W.C. too
before she left.

Mercy not going to be a great – I am taken
Leize my friends for not writing to me.
I'm dependent on crumbs falling down
to me from life above. (Do you still
believe in life by the way? I'm
reading Wells's latest – rather thin
spread – bread comes through) So, as
the post won't come, I shall take my
Eczematic dog to the top of Asheham
hill, to find mushrooms. What I do
is to think – I assure you. I think
about Partridge & fiction & life & – oh
here is the post

NYPL

[July 1927?]

52 Tavistock Sqre
WC
Saturday

Dear Eddy,

I'm afraid Wednesday won't do, as I'm going to Dieppe that day. Could you come to tea on Tuesday? That's the last chance of seeing you. Sibyl will be here, but you would alleviate the situation for both you, & then she'd go, & some Duke in a hurry. We could gossip on.

We had Tommie & Julie to celebrate their wedding last night: it was at St Pancras at 2 – the most dismal ceremony.

Yours Virginia Woolf

[The Hon Stephen Tomlin to Julia d. of Oliver Strachey]
[1927 July ?]

NYPL

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621

Sunday

My dear Eddy

may we leave Wednesday when I shall be home, but things are in rather a muddle.

I'm glad, but surprised, that you like Time Passes. I thought that between the Prince and the Translator it had got into a hopeless mess, & was too ashamed to send it.

Now I must write to your Aunt Victoria who has written about 20 pages in pencil about her miseries & loves & hooves & servants & heart & daughter & secretary & Ethel Smyth & so on.

I saw Desmond. He took very kindly to the idea of Raymond at the h.s.

If you see Raymond do suggest it

Yours Virginia Woolf.

I open this to tell you that Tom Eliot has become an Anglo-Catholic.
Well?

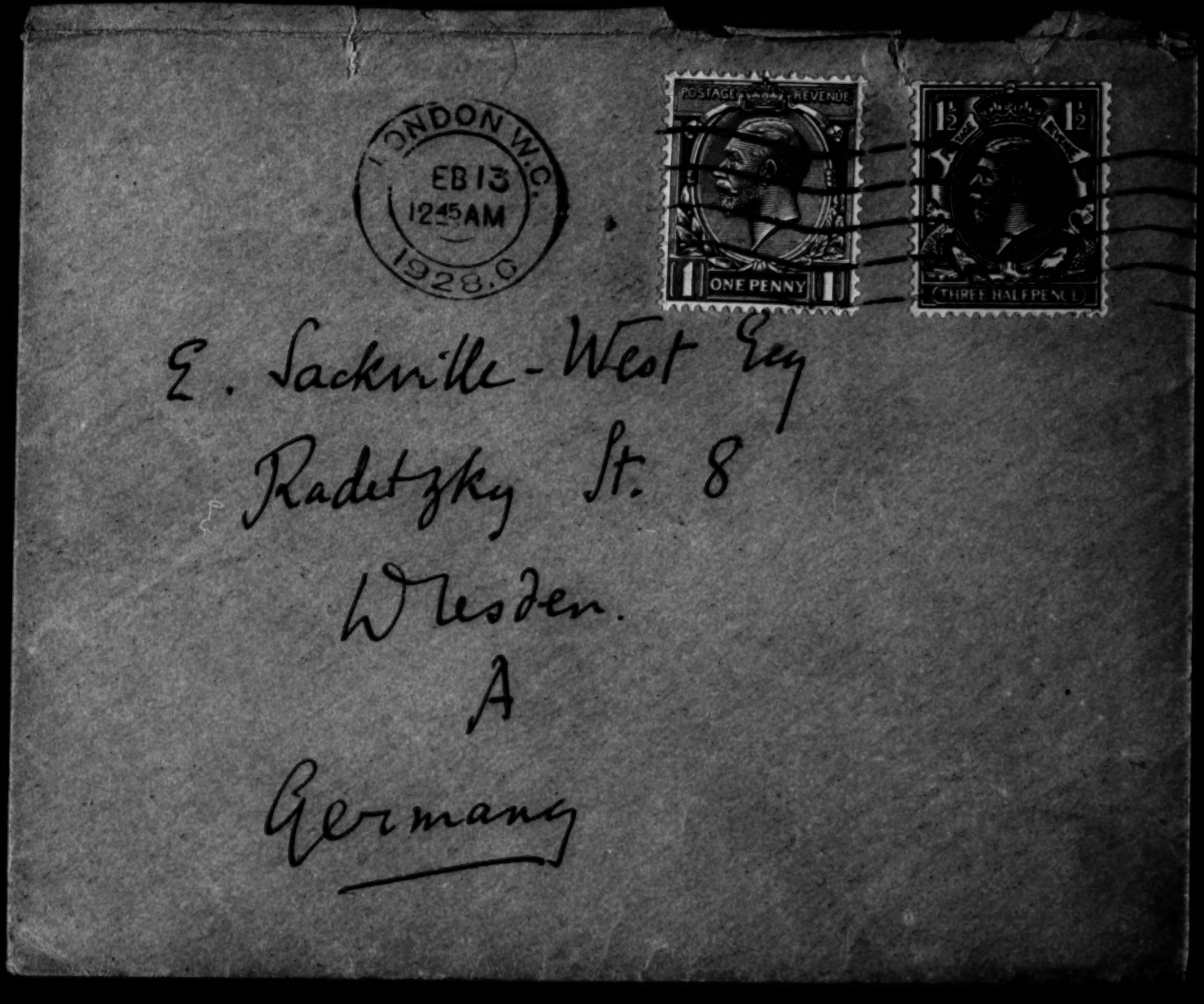
Sunday, Feb. 12th

52 Tavistock Sqre.

My dear Eddy,

I am thankful of you not to have answered your letter, when I was so much pleased to get it. But a series of impediment - sorry to bed for a week, expecting to see you perhaps - sloth & age - have prevented me from writing.

I have just been down to Long Barn. Vita deems better, & has answered about three hundred letters, but I'm afraid this a dismal affair for her: & your aunts behaviour could only be tolerated in an Elizabethan play. That she may take a dagger to her



E. Sackville-West Esq
Radetzky St. 8
Dresden.
A
Germany

own throat or drink broken glass is
rather my hope, I admit. What an
odd race you are!

I am greatly charmed by your old
German ladies. But how do you
account for the size of their posts?
In trying to construct their lives, I
cant get this right, unless we suppose
that the bust is a fabrication: in which
case they become ghastly & illegible
crazy. Do you remember whom I'm
talking about? — the two old ladies
you talk to in the Person:

Does this indicate that your novel is to
be packed with observation? I am
at the moment disinclined for fiction of all
kinds. But then I was forced to read all
Meredith in a week. I did get
through three of them; & feel like an
old sheep which has torn off half its

fleece.
~~Sleeps~~ in a hedge. But it may have grown
again by the time your novel is out, & then
the old sheep will read it with her horn
spectacles on.

Bloomsbury has been quiet on the whole
with Clive away: Nessa & Duncan are
so quiet always that when they go, it isn't
the noise that is lost, but the substance.
We become more flashy & meretricious.
We have all been laughing maliciously
at Bob Trevelyan whose mother has
died & left him £10,000 a year & a
vast house at Stratford on Avon.
He has had £800 so far, & seem the most
miserly of men. Often his wife went
let him have a second help. They never
burn coal, but only some compound of
vegetable products which is home made & so cn.
I think they have one of Charlie Jaegers
second hand bees to make ginger beer
with into the bargain. And now he
has £20,000 a year. What is he to do?
Kill the bee, buy coal, & eat his
helpings? But he will die. Besides it
soon against the grain. He is almost

frantic with the effort

And Desmond has been given £6000 (what a rich letter this is!) to start a monthly magazine with. This is to be incredibly brilliant & to come out punctually the 1st of every month. It may his fortune is made: but I shall subscribe till this in my hand. There was once a paper called the New Quarterly. This died so this, at the wrong time of year too, it made one cry to see it: & this was to make Desmond's fortune — before you were born.

I've been lunching with Mary Hutch: & am dining with Clive.

Want draw any inferences: There are none, I'm told, to draw.

But do write again in your verdant ink. I'm told it's back at Raymond's.

Dawn. And so the snake its skin renews

[Shelley]

Yours Virginia

52 Tavistock Sqre

Sunday June 24th.
[1928]

Dear Eddy

I am a disgraceful wretch never to have answered your letter — & never was one I enjoyed more immensely, with its complete illumination of the Arnold-Forster household. I dropped a cigarette into a flower bed once & it had the same effect as your breaking the child's chair.

I have been blind & deaf: nothing but proofs do I see; & the entire worthlessness of my own words. I have been correcting for 6 hours daily, & must now write my name 600 times over. Pen & ink & my own words disjust me. London is dusty & dowdy & rowdy & drab. I daresay you are at Knole again, out of the wind & wheatfield winds do incessantly & ferociously blow & boil about me here. Endless

people drop in for an hour's talk. All their
Colours are rubbed after my weeks in London; &
I am critical & bored & irritable.

I see that your book is out, & I hope
you feel that there is a good - what is
the word? I can't think - I mean a
blow in the face: an effort; &
something struck off & done with.
I hope to hear all about it when it
has been read by your friends. Then
we shall I suppose they are all
devouring it. And one day I shall read it too.

And now I must go & correct
proofs again.

Why does one write these books
after all? The drudgery, the
misery, the grind, are forgotten
every time; & one launches another.
& it seems sheer joy & buoyancy.

Yours
Virginia

NYPL
Hamill 9.13.66